(By F. Hadland Davis.)

Yorimasa and his wife Tama sat else behind besides your liver? in their little house at Osaka. Their child, Momotaro ("Peach Darling"), played on the matting with a paper Once again Tama opened the window carp, while his parents discussed the and uttered a faint cry as she buried recent torpedo attack upon the Rus- her face behind her long sleeves. sian fleet at Port Arthur. The time of negotiations was past. Russia had answered her treaties, not with pen and ink, but with a gun, and now all gladly I go forth to fight for my Em-Japan would answer the Great Bear peror and my country!" with a gun too. Every man in Japan bang, kill, kill, kill!" and the little feldesired to lay down his life for his low gave a quaint imitation of the grim

When war broke out Yorimasa at once enlisted in the Second Army of expected at every moment to join his regiment and sail for Manchuria.

"Come here, Momotaro," said Yoridown his toy and ran towards his voice:

a gun and sword, and bring glory to Ah, Momo, women fight battles too; the Mikado?" Momotaro looked very fierce and strutted about. "Kill, bang, bang, kill,

kill, kill all naughty enemies of the Mikado!" shouted he. His father lifted him up and looked at him long and steadfastly. "Momo-

taro, we are all sons of the Mikado.

You have spoken well." Tama opened the window and shue it again. Perhaps there was one little belong to the Emperor, but to a moth- so wonderfully made, flew through the

er's heart. Yorimasa noticed the pained look on Tama's face, and he spoke very kindly to her, for he loved his wife dearly; but that great host of vanished warriors stirred in his blood now; he heard their voices calling, and he knew that he loved his Emperor more than

"Momotaro," said Yorimasa, "you must be very kind to mother when

The little boy puffed himself out like his paper carp. "I will be a very, very kind little man," said he, simply. "Shall I tell you a story, Momotaro?

"Be very pleased to tell Momotaro a story," replied the little fellow as he squatted cross-legged on the matting. "Once," said Yorimasa, "the Queen of the Sea was taken very ill, and nothing could possibly save her life except the liver of a monkey. And so a tortoise was sent off to capture a monkey, because, as you know, Momotaro, a tortoise can live equally well on sea or land. At last the tortoise succeeded in catching a monkey and carried him on his back, securely holding one of the monkey's feet in his mouth for safety. Now a very tenderhappen. When the monkey was The Japanese army had succeeded in cause of his sadness, he replied, 'Oh, Kin-chan, and they now took possesup on a tree, that is why I weep." the stronghold held by the enemy on Momotaro laughed merrily. "Well," Nanshan Hill. continued Yorimasa, "this clever mon- | On the eve of the great battle of key was told to go back and get his Nanshan, Tama had a strange dream. liver, and once more the tortoise car- She dreamt that she stood side by side ried him. When they got to the tree with her husband in the 4th Division the monkey jumped on a branch and upon the bloody battlefield. She heard never came back again. So the tor- the roar of the gunboats, the shouting tolse returned alone, and when he told of the officers, and saw the awful his tale to the Queen, she at once per- havoc of the big guns' devastating ceived that some one had informed the doom. When the order was given for monkey what his fate would be. So the Osaka men to storm the heights the Queen commanded the presence of and capture Nanshan Hill, she felt all her subjects in the sea. All obeyed herself being swept along by the daunther summons except the kind-hearted less soldiery of Japan, and always old jelly-fish. The Queen at once knew shoulder-to-shoulder with her dear that he was guilty of betrayal, and lord. Higher and higher climbed the told him that henceforth he should go Osaka men, leaving a trail of dead beabout without his shell-just a soft, hind them. Now it seemed that Yoripink and white lump without anything masa and Tama headed the 4th Divi-



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"Yes, you can, Momotaro," said Yorimasa, looking at his wife. There was a bustle outside the house.

"What is it, Tama?" "You must go and fight for the Em-

"Ah!" exclaimed Yorimasa, "how

Momotaro once more shouted: "Bang, battlefield.

"Good-bye, dear little wife. Goodbye, Momo. I must go now!"

Tama suddenly sprang up, and, Japan, 4th Division, under brave Gen- brushing the tears bravely away, she eral Oku. He now awaited orders, and said, "Don't come back again; die for the glory of Japan!" In another moment he was gone, and mother and child sat very still together.

Presently Tama put her arms round masa gently. The little fellow put her boy and said, in such a sad little

"Momo, it isn't all bang and kill and battle glory. The women of Japan "Momotaro, would you like to be a have to fight their battle against the soldier? Would you like to fight with sad mothers of the Russian army. not on the field, but in the lonely home, and the weary, anxious battle of waiting for the home-coming, that perhaps will never come, is a harder battle after all!"

"Poor, dear mother feels very, very lonesome tonight," replied Momo, only dimly understanding what had been said to him. "Would mother like to see my beautiful carp fly out of the window?" continued he. Tama assented, and in a moment the toy carp,

While they were watching it they heard the steady, rythmic sound of the tramp of feet. Louder it grew, and then, marching round a bend in the road, came the Osaka Division.

Momo was very small. The joy of seeing the army in which his father marched overcame his other feelings. "Look! Look!" exclaimed Momo eagerly, "there's father marching along at the end of one line, just near the house, and the moon shines on his bayonet, and, oh! he looks so full of peace and joy. Look, do look, mother!" But Tama could not look, for she knew that the way of armies is the

Then came the sound of military music. Momo was delighted. Once more he shouted. "Kill, bang, bang, kill!" as he thrust out his small arms

right and left. "Momo," said Tama, in a quivering voice, "please do not say that any more!" And Momo and Tama remained very still till they could no longer hear the tramping of brave feet, or the sound of the great music of war.

Towards the end of May news reached Osaka of the success of the Japhearted old jelly-fish, knowing what anese army in Manchuria, Yorimasa the fate of the monkey would be, took had been mentioned in the dispatches pity on him and told him what was to to Tokio for conspicuous bravery. brought in before the Queen, he wept beating the Russians back from a line very bitterly, and upon being asked the of hills a mile and a half north of Lady Queen, I left my liver hanging sions of them preparatory to taking

Momotaro clapped his hands togeth- rushed forward. He was the first te er and laughed gayly. "I think," said reach the battlements. He almost sucsolemnly, "that jelly-fishes are ceeded in scaling them, when he was really umbrellas of the sea for little shot down with the cry of "My Emfishes to get under when the sun shines peror" upon his lips. But no welcome very brightly. Can you leave anything shot had entered into the aching heart of Tama. She stood unseen when the Japanese standard fluttered triumphant from Nanshan Hill. The silken emblem of the Rising Sun touched her cheek, and it seemed like the passing of Yorimasa, like the touch of his hand time of fire-flies.

> When it was dusk Tama descended into the valley and saw a great stretch | softly. of brave men sleeping the last long sleep of death. As she stood, the moonlight shining upon the grim battlefield, she seemed to hear a soft. clear trumpet-call. Low it sounded at first, and then gradually grew in volume; but it was always soft in tone, always beseeching, wcuderful, eerie. And it seemed, as Tama stood spellbound by the sweet call, that the slowly arose from all the still figures upon the battlefield. White seldierand Tama saw that her lord was among them. Again and again the trumpetcall sounded, and marching in perfect line stepped that great army of soldier-souls far out into the night, into the Great Meads where those who died for their country shall make merry at

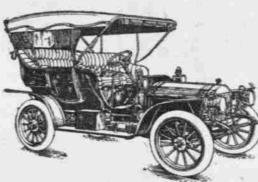
days later news was brought to her that her husband's name was upon the death-roll, and that he had died even as Tama had dreamed. And when Tama asked if the army had heard the phantom trumpet-call and seen the soldier-souls march across the battlefield, the officials looked at her pitifully and said that they had heard no such news.

Two months passed away when tidings were brought to Osaka to the effect that even now the glorious 4th Division was crossing the sea.

Tama and Momo, dressed in the white robes of mourning, watched the army pass. Suddenly, as line after line came by, Tama gave a cry of joy. "Look, Momo! There is father!" Momo leaned out of the window. a dear mother?".

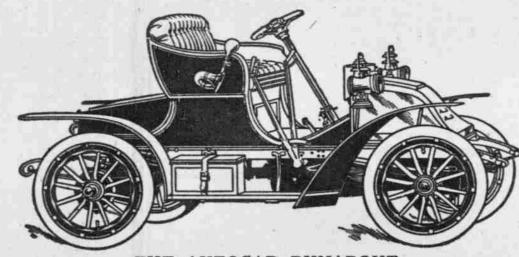
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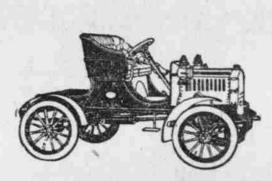


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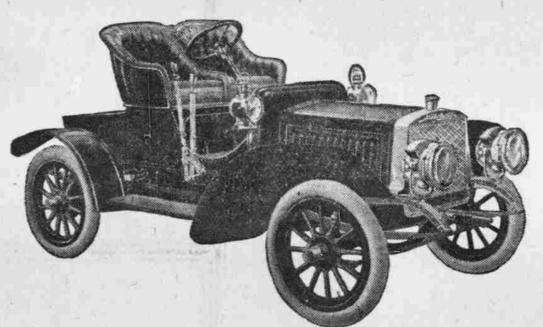
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a space left open, because father was

very brave, that is all." "Momo, Momo, but I can see him! So happy, so peaceful, he looks today. Presently, this very evening, he will come to me in the garden. He told me he would come back to me in the garden and I know he will keep his promise, Momo."

Momo sat in the garden. It was the

"Do you know why insects always come to the light, Momo?" said Tama

'No. mother." t back in his heart, Momo."

"Yortmasa!" exclaimed Tama exitedly. "Oh, my dear lord! My dream was untrue, the dispatches were un- White. true, too. You have come back to our little one with the lonely heart. I knew you would come in the garden when the fire-flies make jewels in the

air. Speak to me, Yorimasa!" But Yorimasa did not speak. Through nessy, -low and soft and beautiful. One jumped off th' roof." smile played across the face of Yorimasa-and then he passed out into the

ground, she saw little Momo standing versation lagged. "Did in ever occur up by a big pide-tree thrusting out his to you," remarked the matter-of-fact

A problem which must be nearly as old as writing itself is whether husbands should read their wives' letters, and vice versa. Of course, many of the communications received really concern one as much as the other, but when a married couple make a regular When the evening came, Tama and practice of opening each other's letters it does not seem fair to the correspondents of either. For instance, a woman may have friends of her own sex, who ask her advice and sympathy in their worries, and it would decidedly "Because, once upon a time, Princess cause them to be less frank if they Fire-fly was very troubled by the at- imagined any eyes except hers would tentions of moths and dragon-files and read their outpourings. A husband and beetles. And so when they came to wife may consider themselves to be the make love to her she told all her suit- same person, but their world is apt to ors that she would only be the wife of look upon them as two, and an intihim who brought her fire. And so her macy with one does not always imply lovers went to the lamp and to the an intimacy with both. Parents, too, fire of incense in their attempt to bring should respect their children's inback fire to the beautiful Princess dividuality. Often girls and boys re-Fire-fly. Thousands and thousands of ceive letters from their school comthem got burnt, and ever so many who panions which might-the supreme went to the shining sea never came terror of sensitive youth-appear "silback again. That is why, Momo, you ly" to grown-up readers, and they see insects hovering round the light, should be allowed to keep them to And your father, he, too, has gone in themselves without slighting remarks quest of fire, and tonight he will bring being uttered about "secrets," etc. Momo did not answer, but ran away from the tyranny of their elders which in the direction of a dusky-hued moth. demands to know and see everything, Tama suddenly felt conscious of a and robs them of the little innocent tear presence other than her child, mysteries so dear to all of us. In one She looked up and there, standing large family it is the custom for evlose beside her, was her lord in full eryone to pass their letters round the table at breakfast time, a practice which spreads consternation among the friends of the various members when it comes to their knowledge.-Black and

DOOLEY'S SUMMARY.

"Don't ye think Rosenfelt has shaken public confidence?" asked Mr. Hen-

the stillness of the night Tama heard "Shaken it?" said Mr. Dooley, "I once more the phantom trumpet-call think he give it a good kick just as it

"I never know what to do with my feet when I am in a parlor," remarked As Tama lay prostrate on the the bashful young man, as the conarms and shouting: "Kill, bang, maid, "that you might steer them to-



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